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## ***The Meeting***

Lyne Motis

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# THE MEETING

by Lyne Motis

Tiny rivulets of light streamed from the great black horse as it danced impatiently, and once again its strange rider addressed himself to the terrified farmer at his feet.

"Has another dressed and fashioned in array similar to myself, passed this way? Answer at once, and do not lie."

The farmer partially conquered his fear, and gazing into the iron eyes of his questioner he replied, "My Lord, I am merely a humble farmer, who knows nothing for himself. But rumor spreads from the next village down of a God; half-man, entirely clothed in shining white robes; as bright as yours are dark. His horse was white with silver hoofs and deep burning eyes of fire."

Here the giant horse rose high in the air and snorted.

"Yes," continued the farmer, "His eyes were said to be like to those in your beast's head!"

The black horse turned toward the farmer at this and stared at him strangely. His eyes blazed deep like a demon's.

"This man," the farmer went on, "if man he be, waits and broods on the mountain behind Aster, which is the next village I spoke of. He too is said to have inquired after others."

The rider of the black horse wore a look of desperate hope and longing at this information. "And this village, how far is it, and in which

direction? Tell me quickly and no harm will come to you," he shouted at the farmer, who quivered and directed him.

With abrupt violence the ebony horse rose high in the air and began to gallop toward the peaceful village of Aster.

"We shall not be late," said his rider.

But the horse's eyes only burned deeper and he quickened his pace a bit. Soon they passed the quiet farms and humble buildings of Aster itself. From the low hill behind it glimmers of white fire shone from time to time, as if reflected from silver hoofs. The black horse reached the hill and plunged up. Neither the black horse and iron rider, nor the ivory horse with rider in purest shimmering white that they found there, paid each other the slightest notice.

Only the rider in white whispered, "It improves. There is but one lacking."

Softly the dawn began to light the sky, and the fierce stars gentled. Suddenly a large star that shone gold in the birth of the dawn fell across the sky. Its golden glitters made a path through the night which the two horsemen, now three, gazed on in speechless rapture.

"He, like us, did not forget," said the rider in black. "It is well and fitting. We are complete. Let us now begin."

## Lost in Sherwood

from p. 9

In Nottingham we split up, agreeing to meet later near the big well. I did some marketing, and then went to a...I suppose you'd call it an apothecary shop. And as I entered, again this horrible feeling of inevitable loss came over me...stronger this time, and even painful. I wanted to cry. But I didn't.

When I came out of the musty little shop... I don't know...I wanted to run back in...I knew it had happened. I'd stepped out into a different world...a world of paved streets and automobiles and tall buildings. The world of the twentieth century. And as I stood there, the tears came. I don't know how long I wept, but eventually I was taken to the nearest police station. At first they thought that I was crazy--I was still wearing twelfth-century clothing. Then they identified me as the American female who had been missing for three weeks.

They put it down in the official records that I had been kidnapped, and obviously lost my memory. My "wild story" was attributed to the great strain I had supposedly been under. I was sent back to America.

I tried to tell people. I told my friends and my family, but no one believed. I told people in an organization called the Mythopoeic Society... and I think that they wanted to believe, but...

I went back to school, desolate and inconsolable. I tried to study, but I could not devote myself to my work. Then, finally, winter break came...we were on the quarter system then...and I had a few weeks off. I went back to England...back to Sherwood.

I stood again in the forlorn woods. It was winter now, and the few trees that were left were barren of green finery. There was nothing there to suggest the Sherwood that I knew. Yet I listened...desperately I listened for the sound of hunting horns, for the sound of familiar laughter, for the sounds of Sherwood long ago. No sounds came to delight my ear, nor gladden my heart. The forest was sterile and silent. My Sherwood was gone, lost to me forever. And I wept.

And now they've found it. They've unearthed my long-forgotten timepiece. I'd given it to Robin, it delighted him so. And now they wonder...they who wouldn't believe me...for the watch has a manufacturing date on it...1970. The article says it is well-preserved. Another freak of time, perhaps. And it shall be officially noted as an unsolved mystery...the finding of a twentieth-century watch among the ruins of a twelfth-century campsite. But I know.

### FESTIVAL SONG

O Lirial, Lady fair,  
Garlands and dancing,  
Wine and rejoicing  
Greet your return again;

O give us your golden hair;  
Borne on the wind  
It blesses our land  
And living is all Lirane.

Wherever our Lady rides  
Banished is winter  
Fragrant the breezes  
Gentle the silver rain;

Wherever our Lady rides  
Green grow the meadows  
Rosy the apples  
Golden the fields of grain.

Songs from Lirane  
by Gracia-Fay Ellwood

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